

surrounded by a perfect wilderness of flowering shrubs, lilies, and other beautiful plants."

The St. Cecilia picture we have, originally formed the third on the right from the centre of the top row. Its companion on the other side is a beautiful group of singing angels. On either side of the Central Figure are pictures of the Blessed Virgin and John the Baptist, "the two human beings fittest to stand near the Father." The dignity and beauty of these figures is very great, and typical of the work of Van Eyck, whose passion for detail, and the accessories of his subject, never was allowed to impair the nobility of the large design.

Sometimes I think these great painters of the Renaissance wanted to comfort their public with showing that really the lives of the saints that they painted were human lives, and these quaint touches of realism were put in to bring the subject nearer to the life of to-day, or what was then to-day. One of our other pictures, "the portraits of Jan Arnolfini and his wife," is again typical of Van Eyck's special manner at its best. Personally, I think the picture is at first repellent. After the glories of air and sunshine in Botticelli it is mean, circumscribed, small. But it has grown on me tremendously with study. It was not intended to be a popular work. The Flemish artists did not, like the Italian, paint for the folk, but for the delight of a small clique of cultured and solid individuals. They painted as their employers worked, with energy, honesty, and endurance; they cared not for beauty of the more palpable and less enduring kind, but they cared infinitely for truth. . . . "Here are unmistakably the men and women of the time, set down in their habit as they lived." Note in this picture the trim order of the room, the speckless polish of the floor, on which the good wife may walk without her shoes (or, should it be, *must* walk?); the brightness of the mirror, which has on its frame ten minute reproductions of the ten moments of the Passion, and reflects so clearly the room on its surface, showing us more than the picture—a real "Alice" looking-glass. Note also the elaboration of the

signature, "Jan van Eyck was here" (in Latin), which so exactly expresses the modesty and veracity of the artist. The motto of Van Eyck, which he frequently put on his pictures, was "Als ich kan," the first half of a Dutch proverb, "As I can, but not as I will." "God alone can finish; and the more intelligent the human mind becomes, the more the infiniteness of interval is felt between human and divine work in this respect."—("Modern Painters.")

I think this aptly describes the modesty and the fidelity of the painter, who spends his skill as much in the delineation of the curves of his friend's candlestick as of the face of the friend himself.

I am afraid I should not take up more space with these notes. My object has been to say what I think about Jan van Eyck, and lay stress on what are to me the difficult aspects of his work. Students will find "Early Flemish Painters," Crowe and Cavalcaselli, "Early Flemish Artists," by W. M. Conway, "The Flemish School," by Wauters, and "Handbook to the National Gallery," E. T. Cook, all very useful. I have quoted largely from them, and also from "History of Christian Art," vol. ii., by Lord Lindsay. All these are standard works, and can be had from the London Library or Mudie's.

E. C. ALLEN.

## THE WINCHESTER GATHERING.

### AN ABBREVIATED TIME-TABLE.

#### MONDAY, MAY 6TH.

Afternoon.—"Fairy Tales," by Miss Shedlock.

Evening.—"The Happiness of Social Work," by Hon. Lily Montagu.

#### TUESDAY, MAY 7TH.

Morning.—Special Service in the Cathedral. Lessons. Folk-songs by the children.

Afternoon.—Indoor Scouting (it was wet). "Time of Singing Birds," by Miss E. L. Turner.

Evening.—Scale How Evening. "Jane Austin," by Miss Chaplin.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 8TH.

Morning.—Talk on P.U.S. Motto, by Miss Parish. Lessons. Songs, drill, and dancing. "Musical Appreciation Lesson," by Mrs. Howard Glover.

Afternoon.—Historical Dress Party.

Evening.—"At Home."

THURSDAY, MAY 9TH.

Morning.—Talk from Miss Parish. Lessons. Songs, drill, and dancing. Farewell talk by Hon. Mrs. Franklin. Visit to the Cathedral.

Afternoon.—Scouting, expeditions, etc.

### LIST OF STUDENTS PRESENT AT WINCHESTER.

E. C. Allen.	M. E. Franklin.
J. J. Aitken.	L. Faunce.
G. H. Aspinall.	M. Gibson.
E. Armitage.	B. Goode.
F. Armitage.	L. Gray.
A. G. Biggar.	W. S. Henderson.
H. C. Biggar.	M. Hall.
V. K. Bishop.	M. C. Harvey.
G. T. Bradford.	D. Humfrey.
E. M. Brookes.	M. L. James.
K. Clendinnen.	F. Judd.
L. E. Clendinnen.	P. C. Kinnear.
E. L. Crowe.	W. Kitching.
C. Cooper.	P. M. Lowe.
D. Chaplan.	K. Loveday.
A. Cox.	O. McConnel.
M. E. Davis.	J. Macfarlane.
M. F. Evans.	C. L. Neligan.
M. East.	A. M. Nield.
E. Flower.	M. E. Owen.
Mrs. Smith ( <i>née</i> Flower).	E. A. Parish.
Mrs. Pickford ( <i>née</i> Flower).	R. A. Pennethorne.

F. Rankin.	D. Viney.
M. E. Rossiter.	R. J. Watters.
H. G. Russell.	E. W. West-Symes.
V. R. Saunders.	M. Benyon-Winson.
El. Smith.	W. J. Wilkinson.
J. H. Smith.	J. M. Wilkinson.
J. R. Smith.	P. D. Wilkinson.
Harriet Smeeton	H. E. Wix.
J. D. Taylor.	B. S. Wingate.
W. Tibbits.	D. Yeo.
A. M. Trembeth.	F. W. Young.
M. Vine.	

### THE CHILDREN'S GATHERING.

(Reprinted from the *Daily Graphic*.)

In a Congress age, when all sorts and conditions of entirely unimportant phases of the community hold annual congresses, it is more than fitting that the children, who happen to be entirely important, should hold a congress of their own. . . . The congress, as I like to call the gathering, has, of course, been convened under the auspices of the Parents' National Educational Union.

Well, the children were summoned, and to-day they took possession of Winchester. They poured into the beautiful old-world town like an invading army—surely the happiest invading army that ever laid siege to fort or citadel!—and by noon the ancient capital of England was taken utterly in conquest. Winchester yielded very easily to the invasion of the children. Truth to tell, it seemed to welcome them. The quaint old houses, the quiet and crooked streets, the noble Cathedral, the lilac-hung gardens, and the restful—I had almost written the drowsing—inns seemed to catch a new life and beauty from their presence. And the great dark statue of King Alfred, silhouetted at the end of the High Street, . . . seemed to smile upon the invading host. . . .

It was impossible not to feel the solemnity, the beautiful intention, the splendour and spirit of the whole thing, as one sat in the Guildhall and listened to Lady Campbell's eloquent opening address. . . . She sketched with picturesque enthusiasm the scene chosen for the gathering, and hearing her, we began to realise in an undertone of thought a new beauty in the words written of old by Sir Thomas Malory: "Then they departed and . . . came to Camelot, that is called in English, Winchester." . . . The whole week until Thursday is filled with activities for children and adults—particularly for children—for Winchester is once again a citadel and a capital. She teems with life, and it is impossible to over-estimate the sphere of her influence. She is no longer the capital of England, but the capital of childhood, and as such may stand as an impregnable citadel against all the world.

(The above account seems to the Editor to be of interest as an "outsider's" view of the gathering.)

#### MISS MASON'S LETTER TO THE CHILDREN.

I have been wondering which you will enjoy most, placing all the old-time people you have read of in the old city and Cathedral, seeing the things you know about, finding out and hearing of many new and interesting things, or seeing your school-fellows in the Parents' Union School: I think the last will be the most perfectly delightful; it must be very nice to meet other boys and girls who are "friends" with Gilbert White, who love and blame Sir Launcelot, who have followed that patriot King, Alfred the Great, meaning to do something for our England themselves; some of you have even read the King's words in the "Cura Pastoralis" and in "Boethius." Some readers, I hear, think "The Warden" a man of fine courage, and everyone, I know, has found in Sir Galahad the hero after his own heart, and longs for that vision which is for us also.

You will like to talk over that great lover of boys, William of Wykeham, and to wonder whether Miss Austen really

meant that the friendship between "Emma" and "Miss Smith" was a nice friendship, or whether she tells of it in her half-laughing way as a friendship not to be imitated. How nice, too, to discuss your favourite "Botticelli" and say why you like it better than someone else's choice! Then, there are the difficulties of modelling true arches, perpendicular pillars; and difficulties in preparing the costumes (about which Mrs. and Miss Parsons have been so good to us). In fact, there are endless things to discuss. But, supposing, which is very likely, that you do not say a word about any of them, you will be sure all the same that the others have taken as much delight as you have in the term's work.

That is one of the happy things about the Winchester gathering—you will always be sure afterwards that many school-fellows are delighting in the books that you love, and in the Nature studies, drawings, and other things that interest you.

It is a delightful thing about this school of yours that the scholars love their books; I know, because every post brings me a letter from someone to say so, and, besides, I can tell by the way you answer your examination questions. When all the papers reach me I often say: "This is a very happy week for me"; I am happy because your papers show me that you have had a delightful term's work and that you love knowledge.

I think that is a joyful thing to be said about anybody, that he loves knowledge; there are so many interesting and wonderful things to be known that the person who loves knowledge cannot very well be dull; indoors and out-of-doors there are a thousand interesting things to know and to know better.

There is a saying of King Alfred's that I like to apply to our school: "I have found a door," he says. That is just what I hope your school is to you—a door leading into a great palace of art and knowledge in which there are many

chambers all opening into garden or field path, forest or hillside. One chamber, entered through a beautiful Gothic archway, is labelled "Bible knowledge," and there the scholar finds goodness as well as knowledge, as indeed he does in many others of the fair chambers. You see that doorway with much curious lettering; history is within, and that is, I think, an especially delightful chamber. But it would take too long to investigate all these pleasant places, and, indeed, you could label a good many of the doorways from the headings on your term's programme.

But you will remember that the school is only a "door" to let you in to the goodly House of Knowledge, and I hope you will go in and out and live there all your lives—in one pleasant chamber and another; for the really rich people are they who have the entry to this House Beautiful, and who never let King Alfred's "door" rust on its hinges, no not all through their lives, even when they are very old people.

I have a great hope for all you dear scholars of the P.U.S.; other people always know what we care about, and I hope the world will be a little the better because you love knowledge, and have learnt to think fair, just thoughts about things, and to seek first the Kingdom of Heaven in which is all that is beautiful, good, and happy-making. I must not take up any more of the time in which there are so many things to be done, so, wishing you the very happiest week in all your lives,—I am, yours, etc.,

C. M. MASON.

### "FAIRY TALES."

By MISS SHEDLOCK.

On Monday evening, after a short amusing introduction by Mr. Helbert, and after Mrs. Franklin had read us Miss Mason's sweet welcome to the children, Miss Shedlock held us entranced with fairy stories and legends.

The first was an Arthurian legend, which she told in her inimitable way. A Welshman was accosted on London

Bridge one day, and was asked where he cut his switch, for near there, said his questioner, who was a sorcerer, was hidden treasure. The Welshman was persuaded to show him the place, and the sorcerer lifted up a huge stone, and went down a staircase (here Miss Shedlock held everyone breathless in suspense), through a stone door into a large cave, lighted with a dull red light. "Don't touch that bell," whispered the sorcerer, pointing to a huge bell near the door, "or we shall be undone." All round the room on the floor were hundreds of sleeping soldiers, with their pikes and swords ready to hand. In the centre was a round table, where sat mighty warriors, and on the dais sat King Arthur himself, all fast asleep. "They will awake at the clang of that bell," said the sorcerer, "and then they will make Arthur King of Britain again." When they tired of looking round they went to the side of the throne and stuffed their pockets full of gold. As they came out the Welshman, in a spirit of curiosity, struck the bell. In an instant the soldiers jumped to their feet, making the earth tremble. "Is the hour come?" they shouted. "No, it is not come," answered the trembling sorcerer, "lie down and go to sleep." Then Arthur spoke. "Has the hour come?" "No, no," trembled the sorcerer. "It is not come; it is not come." Then came Arthur's voice, terrible in its scorn. "The hour is not come. The bell was only rung by seekers after gold." So the intruders escaped quickly, and hurried up to the open air, while the soldiers went to sleep again. Then the sorcerer vanished; and the Welshman, though he has dug over every inch of that ground, has never found the cave again.

Then the children sang folk-songs, after which Miss Shedlock told us the tale of the silly little hare who frightened all the animals by declaring that the earth was falling in. She had heard it. The lion was the only one to investigate, and he found that the noise had been fruit falling to the ground. Then the great crowd of animals dispersed, saying: "The earth is not falling in; the earth is not falling in; the earth is

not falling in," till the noise died away into the distance. This kept the children laughing all the time, especially one little child, whose merry laugh rang out above the rest.

Then followed the story of discontented stone-cutter, who aspired to be the strongest thing on the earth. When he was emperor he found the sun was stronger; when he was the sun he found the cloud was stronger; when he was the cloud he found a rock defied all the power of the rain; when he was the rock he found that a stone-cutter had the power to break him: and so he became the stone-cutter again. After telling Grimm's story of the fisherman and the fish, Miss Shedlock ended with the tale of the proud cock, who, because he would not help some drops of water and some sparks, found himself without helpers when he was put into the miser's pot to boil with some coppers. But he had once inadvertently helped the wind, who now came to his assistance and blew him out of the pot, up into the air, and landed him on the church steeple, where he is to this day with his feathers all burnished because of the coppers in the pot! The children would have willingly listened as long as Miss Shedlock had liked to have gone on, but as it was getting late, we reluctantly had to depart after trying to express our gratitude by hearty clapping.

DORIS VINEY.

### "THE HAPPINESS OF WORK."

By HON. LILY MONTAGU.

True happiness is found in rest, and

"Rest is not quitting

The busy career.

'Tis loving and serving

The Highest and Best,

'Tis onward, unswerving,

And that is true rest."

Rest is thus not without effort, but comes after effort, as a natural consequence. One of the noblest signs of man's

advance is the growth of his social conscience, his increasing perception of his duty to fellow-men. Dealing with the P.N.E.U. ideal, Miss Montagu said that the children brought up under it are taught to find happiness in the conquest of difficulties and in self-reliance. Work does not give happiness unconditionally: it depends largely on the spirit in which we labour; we must remember, that unimportant as we are, in work we are co-operating with God; we must consecrate ourselves as workers. "What are we born for," asks Carlyle, "save to expend every particle of strength that God has given us, in doing the work for which we are sent, and stand up to it, to the last breath of life to do our best?" All work is progressive, for as we work attainment becomes further and further removed. We must not be afraid of responsibility, afraid to take our share of the burden of the community to which we belong. The happy people of the world are not the people of leisure, but the toilers, whose lives are consecrated to difficult tasks. The street sweeper faces greater dangers than the sailor, greater dangers than most soldiers. The dust in which he works is laden with tuberculous germs, and with many other seeds of disease. Very many of these men go to work and do it in a dull and leaden way in which all drudgery is done, but every now and then there is among them a man as noble and saintly as any Galahad pursuing his Holy Grail—one who, seeing the meanness and danger of his work, yet does it that the city may be clean and the children safe. In New York these sweepers are called "white angels," and often they are engaged in as divine service as any of the Archangels.

Those of us who may undertake paid work must see that their standard is high. Miss Montagu here explained that she was not referring to those who are forced by necessity to earn their living; were she speaking to them, it would be with greater diffidence, knowing how beset with difficulties their lives must often be. But those who work, feeling their responsibility of life, were advised to take up that for which